

OCTOBER No. 57

10c



U.S. 10

BLACK HAWK

SLAVERY IN SIBERIA

A TRUE WAR
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NEWEST HIT TUNES
Break-Resistant
Vinylite Filled **RECORDS**

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18

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☐ MOST LOVED HYMNS
or
☐ HILL BILLY HITS

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**YOUR FAVORITE
GROUP OF SONGS!**

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18 TUNES

**A \$16.02
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18 HIT PARADE TUNES



Tell Me Why
City
The Little White
Cloud That Cried
Overcoming
Asylums
Jandrew
Guns and Drugs
On My Mind

or 18 HILL BILLY HITS



Easy, w/4 Realty
 1st Lane
 Hwy. Good Landsc.
 Situated Inlet
 Highway, Lake
 Great View of Lake
 Surrounding Area
 Metal's My Time
 Home For
 Lot Old Mother
 Nature Map
 Very Warm
 Country House
 Home and Off's
 Walls

TOP 18 MOST LOVED HYMNS

[illegible]

1. 1st and 2nd
 2. 3rd and 4th
 3. 5th and 6th
 4. 7th and 8th
 5. 9th and 10th
 6. 11th and 12th
 7. 13th and 14th
 8. 15th and 16th
 9. 17th and 18th
 10. 19th and 20th
 11. 21st and 22nd
 12. 23rd and 24th
 13. 25th and 26th
 14. 27th and 28th
 15. 29th and 30th
 16. 31st and 32nd
 17. 33rd and 34th
 18. 35th and 36th
 19. 37th and 38th
 20. 39th and 40th
 21. 41st and 42nd
 22. 43rd and 44th
 23. 45th and 46th
 24. 47th and 48th
 25. 49th and 50th
 26. 51st and 52nd
 27. 53rd and 54th
 28. 55th and 56th
 29. 57th and 58th
 30. 59th and 60th
 31. 61st and 62nd
 32. 63rd and 64th
 33. 65th and 66th
 34. 67th and 68th
 35. 69th and 70th
 36. 71st and 72nd
 37. 73rd and 74th
 38. 75th and 76th
 39. 77th and 78th
 40. 79th and 80th
 41. 81st and 82nd
 42. 83rd and 84th
 43. 85th and 86th
 44. 87th and 88th
 45. 89th and 90th
 46. 91st and 92nd
 47. 93rd and 94th
 48. 95th and 96th
 49. 97th and 98th
 50. 99th and 100th

These books are available both up to date--only the newest books are kept on the list.

NOW, for the FIRST TIME—You can have the **BRAND NEW ALL-TIME HITS** and **POPULAR RECORDINGS**—18 **NEWEST All-Time Hits**, Favorites in all—For the **AMAZING**, unbelievably **LOW PRICE** of only **\$2.98**. That's right, 18 **TOP Selections** that if bought separately would cost **up to \$16.02 in stores**, on separate records—**YOURS** by mail, for only **\$2.98!** **YES**, you can now get **18 HIT PARADE TUNES**—the **LATEST**, the **NEWEST** nation-wide **POPULAR TUNES**—or 18 of the most **POPULAR HILL BILLY** tunes, some of these tunes are not yet sold by stores or you get almost a whole, complete album of your most wanted **HYMNS**. These are tunes you have always wanted, they will give you hours of pleasure. You can choose from **THREE DIFFERENT GROUPS**—on newest most sensational **BREAK-RESISTANT** records! These amazing records are **6-IN-1** records—**6 songs** to a record! They are brand new and play three times as many songs as a regular record, and they play on regular **78 R.P.M.** speed and fit all type **18 R.P.M.** standard phonograph and record players. These are all perfect, **BREAK-RESISTANT** Vinylite records free from defects.

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[illegible]

11. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 273: 2221-2222 (1995).

10. *Parade*

○ 本書は、第1巻「序論」、第2巻「基礎」、第3巻「応用」の3巻に分かれている。

C. 藤田 隆雄, 藤田 隆雄, 藤田 隆雄, 藤田 隆雄, 藤田 隆雄

Name _____

▲ 俗文化語彙

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City _____ 2044 _____ Date _____

BLACKHAWK

BLACKHAWK

THIS IS THE STORY OF THE MOST HARROWING ADVENTURE OF THE BLACKHAWKS...AND FROM IT COMES THE BITTER TRUTH ABOUT COMMUNIST LABOR CAMPS! WITH POLITICAL PRISONERS, THE BLACKHAWKS SEE HOW THE KREMLIN HAS BETRAYED THE PEOPLE, AND INSTEAD MAKES THEM VICTIMS OF OVERWORK, PARALYZING COLD AND TORTUROUS HUNGER! HERE WE TEAR ASIDE THE IRON CURTAIN AND EXPOSE THE SHOCKING CONDITIONS OF...

SLAVERY IN SIBERIA!



BLACKHAWK

Prologue... THERE ARE THOSE WHO WILL SAY THIS EXPOSE ACTUALLY BEGINS IN THE DEMOCRACY OF KALDAS, AS THE LOCAL COMMUNISTS CAMPAIGN FOR ELECTION!



...THE CAPITALISTS MAKE UP TALES OF SLAVE LABOR CAMPS IN SIBERIA WHERE THEY TELL YOU PRISONERS ARE STARVED AND BEATEN! LIES! ALL LIES!

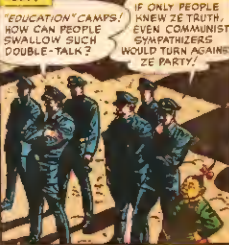
THERE ARE ONLY EDUCATION CAMPS, WHERE COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARIES ARE WELL HOUSED AND FED! THERE THEY ARE TAUGHT BY BOOKS AND TEACHERS TO UNDERSTAND COMMUNISM HELPS MANKIND!



CAN THIS BE SO?

PER- HAPS! PERHAPS!

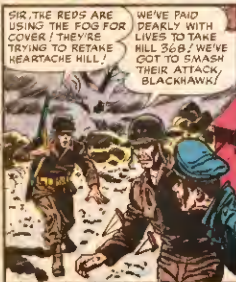
AND ON THE FRINGE OF THE CROWD, THE BLACKHAWKS LISTEN WITH GROWING DIS- GUST!



"EDUCATION" CAMPS! HOW CAN PEOPLE SWALLOW SUCH DOUBLE-TALK?

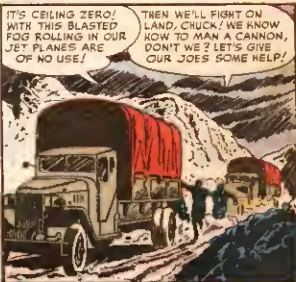
IF ONLY PEOPLE KNEW ZE TRUTH, EVEN COMMUNIST SYMPATHIZERS WOULD TURN AGAINST ZE PARTY!

BUT MANY OTHERS SAY THIS ADVENTURE ACTUALLY BEGINS DAYS LATER, AS THE BLACKHAWKS JOIN THE UNITED NATIONS FORCES ON THE FIGHTING FRONT!



SIR, THE REDS ARE USING THE FOG FOR COVER! THEY'RE TRYING TO RETAKE HEARTACHE HILL!

WE'VE PAID DEARLY WITH LIVES TO TAKE HILL 368! WE'VE GOT TO SMASH THEIR ATTACK, BLACKHAWK!



IT'S CEILING ZERO! WITH THIS BLASTED FOG ROLLING IN OUR JET PLANES ARE OF NO USE!

THEN WE'LL FIGHT ON LAND, CHUCK! WE KNOW HOW TO MAN A CANNON, DON'T WE? LET'S GIVE OUR JOES SOME HELP!

SOON AFTER, ON BLOODY HEARTACHE HILL...



FIRE! KEEP LOBBING THOSE SHELLS, GANG!

YUMPIN' YIMINY! FOG SO THICK WB HAVE TO SHOOT BLIND!

BUT UNDER COVER OF THE FOG, THE RED FORCES INFILTRATE THROUGH THE THIN DEFENSE LINES AND ATTACK IN OVER- WHELMING NUMBERS!



HEY! THE GOONS ARE INSIDE!

I'M HIT!

BLACKHAWK



ON YOUR
TOES, MEN!
WE'VE GOT
COMPANY!

MON DIEU!
WE ARE IN
FOR IT
NOW!

LET US SHOW
THEM WE KNOW
HOW TO DIE
GALLANTLY!



BETTER DLOP
DOWN BEFORE I
CHOP YOU INTO
CHOW MEIN!

ONCE I FOUGHT DER
NAZIS...NOW IT IS
DER REDS! ALWAYS I
FIGHT DICTATORSHIP!

HAWKA-AA!



IF I CAN GET TO THAT
MACHINE GUN, I MIGHT
BE ABLE TO CUT DOWN
THE ODDS!

BUT,
LIKE
EVIL
CREATURES
SPAWNED
BY THE
FOG,
ENEMY
REINFORCE-
MENTS
COME TO
SWARM
OVER THE
HEROIC
BLACK-
HAWKS!



UHH...TOO...MANY
OF THEM...NOW!

HO! THE BLACKHAWKS! DO NOT
KILL THEM! THEY ARE VALUABLE
PRISONERS! WE CAN GET
PLENTY OF INFORMATION
FROM THEM!



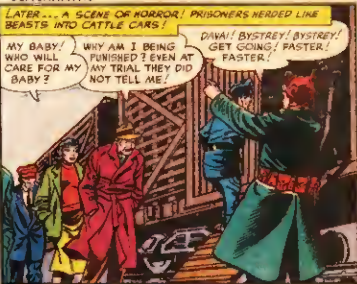
THAT PLANE WILL TAKE YOU TO
MOSCOW, WHERE OUR LEADERS
THERE WILL DEAL WITH YOU! FOR A
LONG TIME THEY HAVE WAITED FOR
THIS PLEASURE! WE HAVE HEARD OF
YOU BLACKHAWKS
AND YOUR DEEDS!



AND HOURS LATER, KREMLIN COMMISSARS PASS
JUDGEMENT ON THE FAMED FIGHTERS FOR LIBERTY!

FOR YOUR COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY
ACTIVITY, YOU ARE EACH SENTENCED
TO SERVE 20 YEARS IN A
CORRECTIVE LABOR CAMP
IN SIBERIA!

SIBERIA!!



FROM DAWN TO DARKNESS, SLAVE LABOR FULFILLS THE KREMLIN'S DEMAND FOR TIMBER!

THE COMMUNISTS CLAIMED THEY FREED THE MASSES! WHAT BUNK! NOT EVEN THE CZAR ENSLAVED MILLIONS IN LABOR CAMPS!

PEOPLE DON'T REALIZE FORCED LABOR IS THE PROP OF SOVIET ECONOMY! WITHOUT IT THE COMMUNIST STATE WOULD COLLAPSE!

AND AT THE END OF EACH ARDUOUS WORKDAY THE EXHAUSTED LABORERS RECEIVE "NOURISHMENT"!



NO SOUP FOR YOU! ONLY BREAD YOU DID NOT FULFILL YOUR QUOTA!

BUT I'M SO WEAK FROM LACK OF FOOD! UNLESS I HAVE FOOD TO BUILD UP MY STRENGTH I CAN NEVER MEET THE QUOTA!



THEN, OLD FOOL, YOU ARE CAUGHT IN A VICIOUS CYCLE! EVENTUALLY YOU MUST STARVE TO DEATH! HO! HO!

THE INHUMAN DEVIL!

ACH DU LIEBER!

MEN! THIS HAS TAUGHT ME SOMETHING! WE'RE GETTING WEAKER EVERY DAY! WE CAN'T WAIT MUCH LONGER! WE MUST TRY TO ESCAPE SOON... WHILE WE'RE STILL STRONG ENOUGH TO GO THE DISTANCE!



BUT HOW? WE HAVE NO WEAPONS... NOT EVEN A KNIFE!

A KNIFE IS WHAT WE NEED... BUT NOT TO USE AS A WEAPON! I'VE A PLAN! IT WILL MEAN TROUBLE... BUT IT'S A CHANCE WE MUST TAKE! NOW LISTEN!



NEXT MORNING! AS THE PRISONERS ARE LED FROM THE BARRACKS, SUDDENLY THE BLACK-HAWKS CHARGE!

NOW, MEN... HIT 'EM HARD! HAWKA-AA!

CHOP CHOP ALREADY GOT GUARD PICKED OUT FOR POKING!

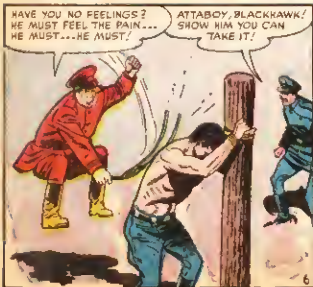
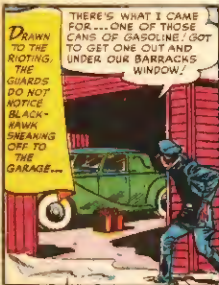


LOOK WHO I GOT! THE RAT WHO REFUSED TO GIVE THE OLD MAN MORE FOOD! I'M GONNA ENJOY THIS!

BY YIMINY, WE MAKE THESE REDS BLACK AND BLUE!



BLACKHAWK



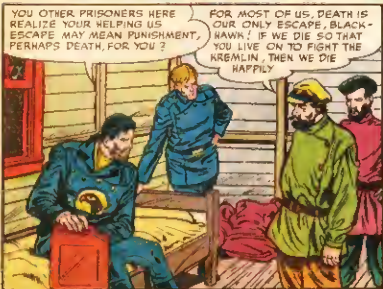
BLACKHAWK



TWO WEEKS PASS AS THE BLACK-HAWKS WORK SECRETLY ON THEIR ESCAPE PLAN, AND THEN FINALLY...



THAT NIGHT, BLACK-HAWK CAREFULLY POKES A BRANCH THROUGH THE WINDOW BARS AND INTO THE SNOW, FISHING FOR THE CACHED GASOLINE CAN!



BLACKHAWK

THIS PIPELINE WILL CARRY GASOLINE THROUGH EVERY HOUSE IN THE CAMP! LET'S HAVE A MATCH, ANDRE!



INSTANTLY LATER, FLAMING GASOLINE RACES THROUGH THE PIPES AND ERUPTS IN A MASS OF GASEOUS BLAZE!



WHAT...?!

FIRE!
FIRE!

THE
CONFUSION
MOUNTS,
AS
ACCORDING
TO PLAN,
THE
PRISONERS
CRASH
OUT
AND
ATTACK
THE
GUARDS!



VENGEANCE! DOWN
WITH THE BETRAYERS
OF RUSSIA!

IT IS TRUE
HEROISM!
ZEY BRAVE
DEATH SO WE
MAY HAVE
COVER!

THE ONLY WAY WE CAN
MAKE IT UP TO THEM IS
BY MAKING THIS ESCAPE
COME OFF RIGHT!



NGGG!

QUIET, COMRADE...
OR I'LL MAKE
YOUR A
PERMANENT
SLEEP!



Now
THE
BLACKHAWK
STRATEGY
IS
REALIZED...
FOR THE
WATCH-
TOWER
IS CLOSE
ENOUGH
TO THE
CAMP
FENCE TO
PROVIDE
ESCAPE!

HIT THE
DIRT, GANG!



THE BLACKHAWKS ARE
ESCAPING! CALL OUT
THE DOGS!



TO THE BLACKHAWKS THERE SOON COMES THE BAYING OF WOLFHOOUNDS IN SWIFT PURSUIT...

THE HOUNDS HAVE PICKED UP OUR SCENT! WE'RE IN FOR IT NOW!

NOT YET! I SAVED A LITTLE GASOLINE FOR THIS EMERGENCY! YOU'LL SEE THE RESULTS AFTER I DUMP THE GASOLINE ON THIS LOG!

OWOOO!
OWOOO!



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE DOGS?

IT...IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE, BUT THEY'VE LOST THE SCENT!



NOW COME YOU STOPPED THOSE HOUNDS BY POURING GASOLINE ON OUR TRAIL?

IF YOU TAKE A WHIFF OF GASOLINE, IT KILLS YOUR SENSE OF SMELL TEMPORARILY! BEFORE THOSE HOUNDS CAN PICK UP OUR SCENT AGAIN, WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO GET OUT OF THESE WOODS!



AND THE BLACKHAWKS FINALLY CROSS INTO THE OPEN...

ACH! DER CAMP COMMANDER... COMING FAST IN A SKIMOBILE!

IT'S WHAT WE PREPARED FOR! TIME TO GET OUR GEAR ASSEMBLED, MEN!

SWIFTLY, SAILS OF WOVEN STRAW, AND NOTCHED KEELS AND MASTS ARE FITTED TOGETHER TO FORM THE SECRET PROJECT THE BLACKHAWKS HAD WORKED ON FOR WEEKS!



SHOVE OFF, MEN! LET'S GET THE WIND BEHIND OUR SKI-SLEDS!



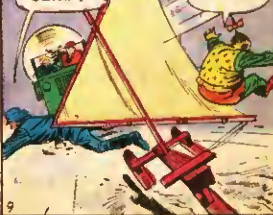
THEY'RE DRAWING AWAY FROM US! PUT ON MORE SPEED! I'LL GET THE MEDAL OF STALIN FOR THE GUARD WHO KILLS BLACKHAWK!



SUDDENLY, THE PURSUED BLACKHAWK MANEUVERS HIS SKI-SLED UNTIL IT HURTLES AT THE ONCOMING SKIMOBILE!

NOW, CHOP CHOP... JUMP!

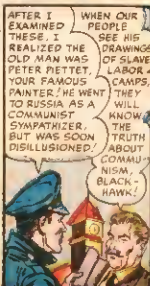
OOHH! GOLLIES!



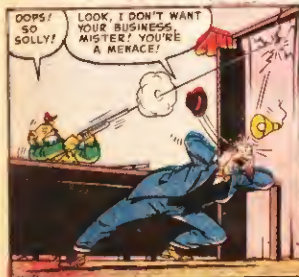


Epilogue!

OUR STORY DOES NOT END HERE... FOR DAYS LATER BLACKHAWK GAVE TO KALDAS THE LEGACY OF THE OLD PRISONER!

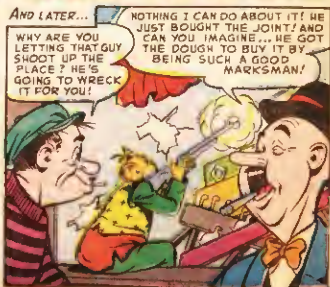
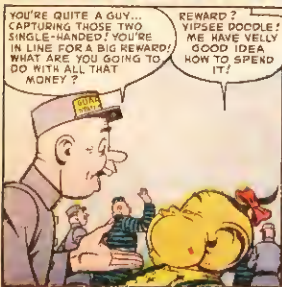
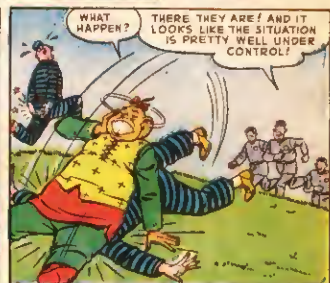
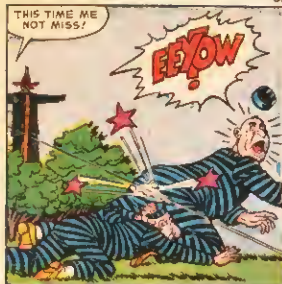


CHOP CHOP









BLACKHAWK

A LULL SETTLED ALONG THE BATTLEFRONT! ACROSS A TWO HUNDRED MILE EXPANSE THE ROAR OF CANNON DIED TO A WHISPER, AND THE BLACKHAWKS WAITED WITH BATED BREATH FOR NEWS OF A TRUCE! WAS THERE TO BE PEACE? OR WAS THIS LULL MERELY THE SIGNAL FOR A NEW, AND FEARFUL ONSLAUGHT, LED BY THE TERRIBLE TERMITE TANKS!



AT THE FAMED CITADEL OF SCIENCE, FELLOW SCIENTISTS PASS VERDICT UPON ONE OF THEIR MEMBERS' INVENTIONS!

I'M SORRY, DARKSON! YOUR IDEA IS DARING, BUT IMPRACTICAL! WE CANNOT ALLOT THE NECESSARY FUNDS FOR FURTHER EXPERIMENTS!

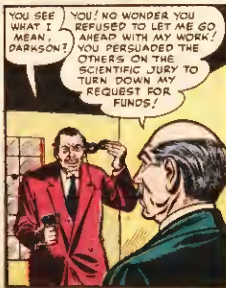
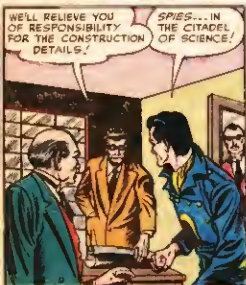
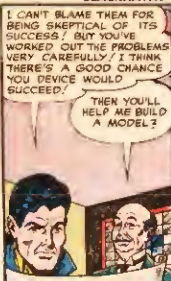
BUT...



NO SENSE IN ARGUING, DARKSON! YOU KNOW THAT THE JUDGMENT OF OUR SCIENTIST'S JURY IS FINAL IN THESE CASES!

YES, SIR! BUT I STILL FEEL YOU'RE WRONG! MY INVENTION WOULD BE A GREAT AID IN THE BATTLE FOR FREEDOM!





A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

BLACKHAWK! WE JUST RECEIVED WORD THAT DARKSON AND TWO OTHERS TOOK OFF IN A PLANE FROM A OUR PRIVATE AIRFIELD! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

THE WORST THAT POSSIBLY COULD HAPPEN!



DARKSON'S BEEN KIDNAPED, AND HIS PRECIOUS BLUEPRINTS HAVE GONE WITH HIM! OUR ENEMIES HAVE PULLED OFF A SPECTACULAR COUP... WITHIN THE CITADEL OF SCIENCE!

INCREDIBLE!



WEEKS PASS WITH NO WORD FROM THE MISSING SCIENTIST, DARKSON! AND THEN, ONE DAY, THE BLACKHAWKS VISIT A HILLTOP FORTRESS IN SOUTH-EASTERN ASIA!



THE TRUCE TALKS HAVE FAILED! THE ENEMY DOES NOT REALLY WANT PEACE! YET WHY DOESN'T HE ATTACK?

A FRONTAL ATTACK ON YOUR FORT WOULD BE COSTLY!



AY BAN THINK THAT IS THE REASON, COMMANDER! HE MUST TAKE DAS FORT TO BREAK THROUGH THE LINE! AND DAS FORT BAN NEARLY INVULNERABLE TO ATTACK!

LISTEN...



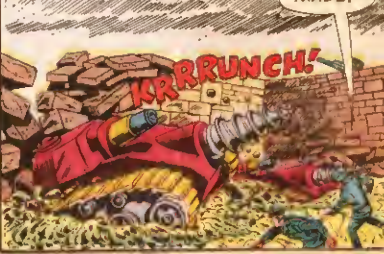
HEAR THAT RUMBLING SOUND? IT'S... HEY!

YUMPIN' YIMINY! EARTH-QUAKE!



THEN...

WRONG, OLAF! THIS EARTHQUAKE IS MAN-MADE!



BLACKHAWK

BY GAR, WHERE BAN DAS TANKS COME FROM?
OUT OF THE GROUND, OLAF! THEY CAN BURROW BENEATH THE EARTH LIKE TERMITES!



SWIFTLY, THE BLACKHAWKS ORGANIZE A DEFENSE...

LOAD AND FIRE! **RUMBLE!**
RUMBLE!



SACRE BLEU! ZE AMMUNITION HOUSE EES NOTHEENG BUT RUBBLE!
THOSE TERMITE TANKS DUG UNDERNEATH ITS FOUNDATION AND WRECKED IT!



SHORT OF AMMUNITION THE VALIANT DEFENDERS ARE FORCED TO RETREAT!

WE CAN'T FIGHT TANKS WITH OUR BARE HANDS! TO THE PLANES, GANG!



BUT WHEN THE BLACKHAWK PLANES RETURN TO THE ATTACK!

THE FORT'S A COMPLETE WRECK!

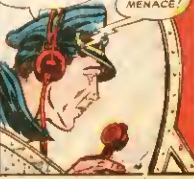


THERE GO THE TERMITE TANKS... UNDER-GROUND!

IS VELLY WOEFUL SITCH-LATION! TANKS HAVE DISAPPEAR!



NOW THAT THE FORT'S FALLEN, THE ENEMY WILL BEGIN HIS ATTACK! THE TERMITE TANKS HAVE DONE THEIR DEADLY WORK... TOO WELL!



MA FOI, BLACK-HAWK! ZEES METAL INSECTS ARE ONE BAD MENACE!

THE TERMITE TANKS ARE DARKSON'S INVENTION! I WONDER HOW HE FEELS... NOW THAT THEY'RE BEING USED TO HELP DESTROY THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM!

AND, INDEED, THIS IS A BITTER HOUR FOR DARKSON! SOMEWHERE BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES!

YOUR TERMITE TANKS HAVE PROVEN THEIR WORTH! WITH THE AID OF YOUR INVENTION, OUR ARMIES WILL SWEEP BACK THE DEMOCRACIES!

DID YOU SUMMON ME HERE TO GLOAT OVER ME?

NOT ENTIRELY! YOU WILL BROADCAST OUR SURRENDER DEMAND TO THE ALLIED GENERALS! WHEN YOU DESCRIBE WHAT YOUR TANK CAN DO, THEY WILL REALIZE THAT RESISTANCE IS USELESS!

A SHORT WHILE LATER...

OUR STATION IS ON THE AIR! YOU MAY BEGIN READING FROM THE PREPARED SCRIPT DARKSON!

FRIENDS AND ALLIES...

I'VE BEEN ASKED TO DEMAND YOUR SURRENDER... BUT I WON'T DO IT! LISTEN, FRIENDS OF FREEDOM! **THE TERMITE TANKS CAN BE BEATEN!**

I'VE FIGURED OUT A METHOD! MINE-DETECTORS AND...
WHNN!

CUT US OFF THE AIR! QUICKLY!

HE TRIED TO BETRAY US! FOR THAT, HE WILL DIE!

THESE DEMOCRATIC SWINE NEVER KNOW WHEN THEIR CAUSE IS LOST!

MEANWHILE... I WONDER WHAT DARKSON WAS TRYING TO TELL US WHEN THEY CUT HIM OFF THE AIR?

BY GOLLY, HE'S RIGHT! MINES ARE PART OF THE ANSWER! AND I THINK I CAN GUESS THE REST!

BLACKHAWK

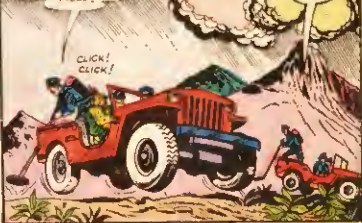
THE TERMITE TANKS WERE REPORTED TO BE ADVANCING UPON THE CAPITAL CITY OF HUNGJON! WE'LL NEED A COUPLE OF JEEPS EQUIPPED WITH MINE DETECTORS! AND WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY!



SOON AFTERWARD, NOT FAR FROM HUNGJON...

BY GAR! DAS MINE DETECTOR SAYS WE BAN GOING RIGHT OVER TOP OF A MINE FIELD!

MINE GIVES A POSITIVE READING TOO!



VY AREN'T VE BLOWN UP BY DAS MINES? I DON'T UNDERSTAND, BLACKHAWK!

CLICK! CLICK!



THERE ARE NO MINES HERE! THE MINE DETECTORS GIVE EVIDENCE OF A MASS OF METAL BELOW GROUND!

MON, DIEU! ZE TERMITE TANKS!

RIGHT, ANDRE! THEY'RE MOVING ALONG SOMEWHERE BENEATH US... TOWARD HUNGJON! WE'VE GOT TO SET UP A TRAP, DIRECTLY ACROSS THEIR PATH!



NEAR HUNGJON...

NOM DE NOM! ZE MINES EXPLODE!

WE SOWED THAT MINE FIELD, IN THE NICK OF TIME! THE TERMITES ARE RUNNING HEAD ON INTO IT!



ONE OF THE TANKS SURRENDERED! TAKE CHARGE, GANG!

BAROON!



JUDGING BY THOSE EXPLOSIONS, BLACKHAWK, THIS IS THE ONLY TANK LEFT!

PLANTING LAND MINES IN THEIR PATH PROVED TO BE THE ANSWER! BUT THE ENEMY DOESN'T KNOW IT YET! MAYBE WE CAN COOK UP A SURPRISE FOR THEM WITH THIS BABY!

BAROON! BAROON!



As
THE FIRST
GREY
LIGHT OF
DAWN
ILLUMINES
THE COURT-
YARD OF
THE ENEMY
PRISON
WHERE
DARKSON
IS HELD
CAPTIVE...

BY NOW, HUNGJON
HAS FALLEN TO OUR
FORCES! YOU WILL DIE,
DARKSON, IN THE
KNOWLEDGE OF
OUR TRIUMPH!



READY... AIM... WHAT IS
THAT NOISE?

R-RUMBLE!



EEEAHH! ONE OF THE
TERMITE'S RETURNED! IT'S
ATTACKING US!



OUT OF THE CAPTURED TANK SWARM THE BLACKHAWKS!

HAWKAAA!



AND THE ISSUE OF BATTLE IS
SOON RESOLVED!

SOME
PRETTY GOOD

NOW I KNOW
WHY YOU ARE
CALLED THE FINEST
GROUP OF FIGHTING
MEN ON EARTH!

FIGHTING MEN WILL
BE COMING ALONG ANY
MINUTE! THE ALLIED
ARMIES ARE MOVING
UP SINCE THE ROUT OF
THE TERMITE
TANKS!



IT'S A TREMENDOUS
VICTORY, DARKSON!
AND WE OWE IT TO
YOU! YOU GAVE US THE
CLUE WE NEEDED TO
COMBAT THE
TANKS!

I HAD PLENTY OF TIME
TO THINK ABOUT IT,
IN THE DUNGEON!
MY INVENTION
ISN'T SUCH A
FEARFUL WEAPON
AFTER ALL!



BUT, IN A WAY, IT
HELPED TO WIN
THE PEACE! NOW
THAT THEIR SECRET
WEAPON HAS
FAILED, THE TYRANTS
WILL BE FORCED TO
SIGN A REAL AND
LASTING TRUCE!

AND WE'LL
MAKE SURE
THEY KEEP
IT!



AS THE BLACKHAWKS
WING HOMEWARD
AGAIN...

WHEN THE GUNS HAVE
CEASED TO ROAR
WE'LL ONLY FIGHT FOR
PEACE SOME MORE..
WE'RE BLACKHAWKS!



ESCAPE *at* DAWN

"HIT the silk line," shouted the pilot, and Linc Johnson jumped. He made the interminable drop before pulling the cord, and the camouflaged chute sprang open with a sharp crack as the wind rushed into it. Linc looked up to see the plane making a run for the border, a few scant miles back. He heard the ack ack guns go off and hoped that the game pilot had made it to safety.

A cold chill ran over him as he glided down through the night, aiming for the red earth of the satellite nation below. The events of the past weeks went through his mind in fast sequence. Linc Johnson was a newspaperman and so was Martin Rhodes. And they were pals. At least they had been, until Martie was slapped into prison as an espionage agent, in this Commie country. The same stupid charges were hurled at him that had been tossed at other thinking men in a country of mental stagnation. However, Martie had made friends in the satellite underground before he was imprisoned and somehow, somehow, they had contrived to get him out. Now it was Linc's job, with the help of the underground, to get the emaciated Martie back over the border to safety. He was too weak to travel alone. The country was in an uproar since Martie's escape, and citizens suspected of underground activities were being picked up by the hundreds. Then Linc made contact and volunteered to get in, get Martie, and get out of the country in record time. If he was successful, a few lives other than Martie's could be saved, if not—

Linc made a smooth landing and hurriedly buried the chute before he located the road and set off at a fast clip into the nearby town. There, in the chapel of the darkened church, he was met by the gnarled, little man who silently led him down into the rooms below.

Linc was shocked at his first sight of Martie. He was lying on a cot in a fitful sleep. "He's aged twenty years," gasped Linc, as he stared at him. "He's been through the tortures of the damned," replied the old man. "But here is Natja, she will give you the plan. I must get back above." The door had opened to admit a darkly clad woman, her head hidden in a shawl. Linc's eyes popped when she tossed the shawl aside. She was a gorgeous blonde and she looked furious. "Mr. Johnson," she snapped, "Your plane was heard and already the secret police are scouring the area. We've got to move even faster than we had planned." "Listen, baby," exploded Linc, "all planes have motors. Did you think I was winging in on the back of a vulture?" Her eyes snapped as she replied, "Your pilot should have glided in to drop you and then started his motors about two miles beyond the town. Then it would have taken them time to discover that someone had been dropped here." She went over to Martie and shook him gently. "Martin," she said tenderly, "you must waken. Your friend is here and the time is short." Martie opened his eyes and looked up at the lovely Natja before he spotted Linc. "Hi, Linc," he said weakly, "you sure stick your neck out for a pal." "You'll have time to talk of friendship, if you live to reach the border," cut in Natja, grimly. "Now, here is the plan."

She outlined a daring dash to the border by car. A mile from the small border crossing the two men, disguised as farmers, would be transferred

to a wagon full of hay and drawn by one horse. "You must get over the border without speaking, since neither of you know enough of the language to fool the guards. They are shrewd and are always on the watch for trouble. Not one of them has ever joined the underground. She handed each of them a small, worn booklet, bearing several official stamps. "These will provide your identification. The state stamps are up to date as of today. Pray that they will pave the way to your safe deliverance."

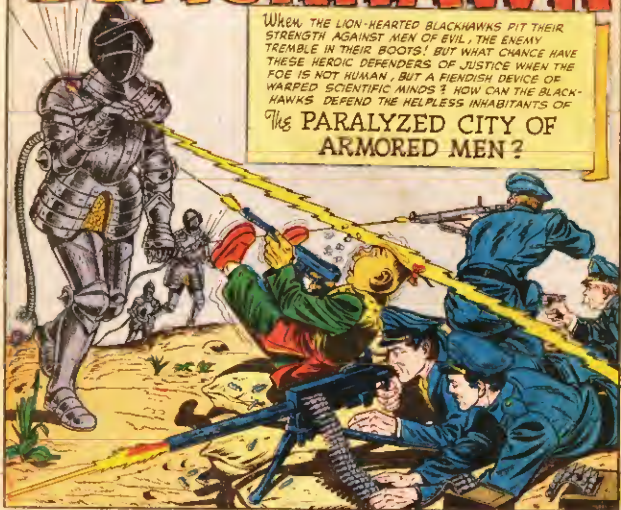
Thirty minutes later, Martie and Linc were in the small car, bumping along in the dark. The little old man was driving and he didn't say a word until they reached a small farmhouse, set back off the road. There, the two men quickly changed into farmer's clothes and were about to leave when a loud banging sounded on the door. The old man took the message and hurried back to the men. "Your parachute has been discovered," he said to Linc. "They are preparing an order for a new stamp on all identification papers. It will come over the radio soon." "Where does that leave us?" asked Linc. The old man shook his head sadly. "You must reach the border before the radio orders go out. We could never get this latest stamp. It is too late to hope for more."

Linc handled the reins on the wagon and Martie, hunched down beside him, seemed to be swallowed up by his clothes. "Hold on a while longer, Martie, we'll make it yet," Linc said, with a heartiness he didn't feel. Martie didn't answer. The sun was rising as they rounded the bend, the sentry house at the border came into sight and the two stiffly marching guards tramped back and forth in front of the pole gate that lay between the newsmen and freedom. Linc could feel the blood pounding in his temples. Had the radio warned the guards that new stamps must be on all identification? "If so, can Martie make it over the border, if I have to put up a fight?" mused Linc. He looked at Martie, he was asleep. No, he was unconscious. Passed out! Linc's mouth went dry.

The old horse clumped to a stop. One guard was in the sentry house, evidently eating breakfast. The second guard approached Linc, grimly. Just then the sound of the radio spouting early morning static, came out of the shack. The guard leaned out and pointed back to the radio, he shouted to his comrade. Linc heard the announcement. It told of the foreign criminal who had entered the country secretly. The snarling voice continued, "It is believed that this man is aiding in the escape of the infamous espionage agent, Martin Rhodes," continued the voice. The guard's hand went out, his eyes first on Linc's face, then on Martie's. He asked, "Asleep?" Linc nodded a numb affirmative. He came alive to wrest the papers from Martie's pocket, and along with his own, handed them to the guard. Behind him, the radio repeated its warning. The guard looked at the booklets carefully, turning them over several times. Then he raised his eyes searchingly to Linc's. Linc couldn't breathe. He watched, in a trance, as the guard slowly walked over and raised the bar across the road. He motioned them forward. Linc flicked the reins, the wagon lumbered ahead. He turned when they reached the sign that meant freedom. The guard raised his hand in salute.

BLACKHAWK

When the lion-hearted Blackhawks pit their strength against men of evil, the enemy tremble in their boots! But what chance have these heroic defenders of justice when the foe is not human, but a fiendish device of warped scientific minds? How can the Blackhaws defend the helpless inhabitants of the paralyzed city of armored men?



ELECTRIFYING NEWS SHOCKS THE BLACKHAWKS INTO ACTION!

OUR REPUBLIC IS PARALYZED! ELECTRICALLY CONTROLLED MONSTERS OF STEEL HAVE PARALYZED OUR CAPITAL CITY! PLEASE... BLACKHAWK...

ARGHHH! I'D KNOW THAT VOICE ANYWHERE! THAT'S NIGEL DEREK, PRESIDENT OF BORGAVIA!

SOMETHING TELLS ME HE'S IN REAL TROUBLE! LET'S GO MEN!

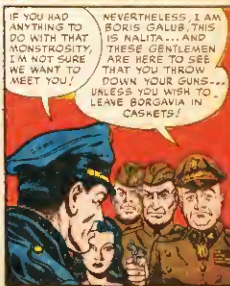
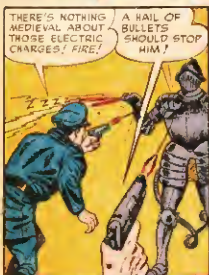
BUT I'M OVERHAULING MY ENGINE! IT'LL TAKE ANOTHER HOUR TO GET THAT JET IN FLYING CONDITION!



WE CAN'T WAIT, CRUCK! FOLLOW US AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

HAWK-AA!





BLACKHAWK



WHAT'S YOUR GAME, GALUB? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE PRESIDENT?

YOU ARE LOOKING AT THE PRESIDENT, MY INSOLENT FRIEND! NOW HAND OVER YOUR GUNS!

BUT AS THE DISARMED BLACKHAWKS ARE LED TO IMPRISONMENT, A HEARTENING ROAR IS HEARD IN THE DISTANCE!



CHUCK! AND THEY DIDN'T GET OUR BELT RADIOS!

OH, HAPPY ME! CHUCK MAKEE PLENTY HOT!



VE TALK LOUD UND COVER UP WHILE YOU CALL!

BLACKHAWK CALLING CHUCK! BUZZ THE AIR-FIELD AND LET 'EM HAVE IT! THAT PARTY BEHIND ME NEEDS A LITTLE LEAD POISONING!



AND WITH SPEED FASTER THAN SOUND, CHUCK RESPONDS TO BLACKHAWK'S CALL!

THAT PLANE! LOOK OUT!

HELP! RUN FOR THE TERMINAL BUILDING!

RAT-TA TAT



YOOST LEAVE IT TO CHUCK!

ZE MONSTAIR EEN ARMOR HAS BEEN KNOCK DOWN! FIFTY CALIBRE BULLETS PENETRATED THE ARMOR!



I'D LIKE TO BORROW THAT GUN, BUSTER!



STOP, ANDRE!

EH?



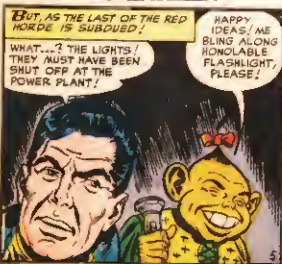
WHY YOU STOP ME, BLACKHAWK? SEE...EET EES ONLY A MAN EEN ANCIENT IRON SUIT!

THAT ARMOR SETS OFF A DEADLY ELECTRICAL CHARGE! IF YOU HAD TOUCHED HIM BEFORE I SHOT THAT CABLE IN TWO, YOU'D HAVE BEEN ELECTRO-CUTED INSTANTLY!

BLACKHAWK

LEAVING THE NOW POWER-LESS ARMORED MAN ON THE AIRSTRIP, THE BLACKHAWKS RUSH INTO THE TERMINAL BUILDING!





BLACKHAWK

THE BLACKHAWKS, JOINED BY CHUCK, MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE DAM!



GALUB AND HIS RED RATS ARE IN THERE, ALL RIGHT! OLAF... CHOP CHOP, HENDRICKSON, STAY COVERED AND KEEP FIRING AT THAT TOWER!

WHAT DO THE REST OF US DO, BLACK-HAWK?

AND CHUCK SOON FINDS OUT!

SEE THAT BEND IN THE RIVER BELOW US? WE LAND THERE ON PONTOONS, OUT OF SIGHT!

I GET THE BIT! THEN WE DO A LITTLE HIGH-CLASS INFILTRATING, RIGHT?



AND WHILE THEIR COMRADES KEEP THE ENEMY BUSY!

QUIET, MEN! THEY'LL NEVER EXPECT COMPANY FROM THE BACK OF THE DAM!

THEY GET SURPRISE GREETING FROM MY FIST!



IT'S A TRAP!

YOU BET IT IS, BUSTER!

HELP YOURSELVES, BOYS! ONE'S AS ROTTEN AS THE NEXT!

YOU FORGOT TO WEAR TIN-CAN SUIT, EH?



LOOK, MES AMIS! NO HANDS!

OOOE!



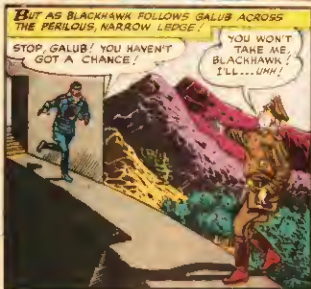
AND IN FRONT OF THE DAM,

LOOK, BY YUMMIN' YIAMMIN', VE MISSING GOOD FIGHT!

WOULD BE MORE HAPPY IF WE GET IN HONOLABLE SCLAP, TOO!



BLACKHAWK



DATE CHANGES
AUTOMATICALLY
EVERY DAY

Amazing Swiss Invention! CHRONOGRAPH & CALENDAR

Precision Made Watch



TIMES HORSES!



TIMES PLANES!



TIMES AUTOS!



TIMES SPORTS!

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Also measures DISTANCES covered by planes, cars, athletes, etc! Yes... all this and it's an AUTOMATIC CALENDAR too! The date pops up in the tiny window every day! Easy to operate with 2 push-buttons. One to start, another to stop watch. Everyone wants this super watch! Scientists, soldiers, aviators, sailors, race fans, sportsmen, photographers and all men of action!

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You take no chances! Try 10 days at our risk! Full price back if not THRILLED! SUPPLY LIMITED! These watches are getting scarce. Act now! Tomorrow may be too late! Don't miss this bargain of a lifetime! Mail coupon NOW!

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LOOK!**

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- Sweep Second Hand
- Tole but rugged case
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- Flex-O-Matic Band

***UNLIMITED GUARANTEE**

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FREE!

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Money-Back Guarantee**

WEAR AND ENJOY this amazing watch at OUR RISK for 10 full days! Refund your money... unless it is UP TO YOU! - with ANY reason for return. Your friends... watch it up... because... with ANY reason for return. \$30.00. (Send in 10 days later picture. Take YOU 10 days to decide. If you are satisfied, return picture for full refund of purchase price. If not, send picture back - you may keep this LIFE TIME BARGAIN! Refund money only with ONE - in a customer's hand. Supply is limited and we want to please returning picture. Send money!

U. S. DIAMOND HOUSE, Dept. 198-X-250
127 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.

SEND NO MONEY! Mail Coupon now for home trial!

U. S. DIAMOND HOUSE, Dept. 198-X-250
127 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.

RUSH a CALENDAR CHRONOGRAPH watch with 10 DAY HOME TRIAL type of watch. I will pay postage up to \$5.00 which includes 90 percent fee, air - NOT 1 CASH! BORROW if not included band selected 1 word return watch within 10 days for complete refund of purchase price!

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objects

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All for only
\$2.98

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Tailored in
Sizes from
3 to 10

INCLUDING ALL THESE
GIFTS AT NO EXTRA COST
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9.5" STREAMLINER
Wild West
SINGING LARIAT
Hums as You Twist It!



GOLD COLORED
All-Metal
DEPUTY SHERIFF
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This Bar-B Ranch Outfit defies all competition. Compare it feature for feature with higher priced outfits you've seen in the better stores.

* 2 pairs of fringing on inside of ground fringing on wrist and outside of cuffs.

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— 1 COWGIRL \$2.98
— 1 COWBOY &
COWGIRL \$5.95
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— 2 COWGIRL \$5.95
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— AGE _____ WEIGHT _____

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